-Refrigerators.

-Baby Carriages.

-Slip Covers.

-Fly Screens.

# JOHN HEND



# GASOLI NE KEROSENE

# By Geo. V. Hobart, ("Hugh McHugh")

first opportunity.

chauffeur?

EAR BUNCH: In Paris, eh? who point the machine at you and dare Give my regards to the Moulia you to get out of the way. Rouge, won't you?

I notice what you say in your guage whih is brash enough to sit on a letter about buying a couple of French busy barouche and cut loose. automobiles in Paris, one of the same That's why we had to reach over to

Bubble. Not for yours hastily.

except the automobilious fever.

While walking around the city streets His mouth looks like a hot waffle. I have been making a deep study of whiz The first careless cart we ever had in wagons, Bunch, but so close was the ma- this country was called the "Coroner's chinery to my outposts at the time and Delight," because the only man that met that perhaps I am prejudiced.

The automobile is the rich man's wine and the poor man's chaser.

It keeps our streets full of red, white and blue streaks all the livelong day, and it?



So Close Was the Machinery.

if the weary pedestrian is not supplied and upon which no coroner can sit for But none of the mosquitoes in our house Cures." getting home is null and void.

safest part of the machine is the chauf- us to kerosene. feur, because he knows which way to We have been getting along nicely out Then somebody told Peaches that the

tions, and, incidentally, on a shutter.

And the automobile face! Can you tie

The automobile face is caused by the

fact that faces can't ride as fast as ma-

chinery; consequently, the muscles be-

tween the lips and the mouth become

If you wish to buy an automobile for

yourself and become a chauffeur, do so.

Bunch, and Peaches and I will miss your

boyish laughter about the house, and we

you hadn't gone out of our lives so ab-

I don't want to discourage you, Bunch.

but if you have a bundle of spare coin.

why don't you invest it in a building lot

overtrained and lose their cunning.

others or they will bump you."

At any rate, she read somewhere in a rached the kerosene-holy smoke! book that the kindest way to assassinate faces, which generally causes them to be hadn't come from the laundry yet. ashamed of themselves and makes them For two days, Bunch, it rained kerosene lead less bloodthirsty lives.

were hanging in the same corner which bow on top of the coffee. on the skeets, with the result that my trousers departed this world in great We have no word in the English lan- haste, while the mosquitoes put their

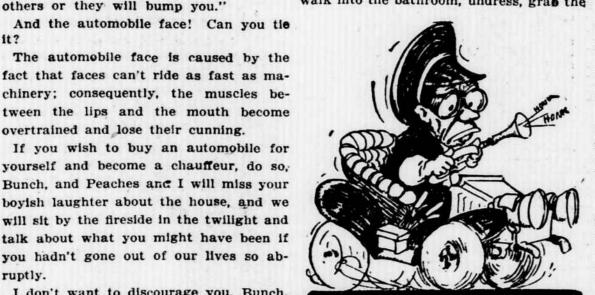
laughing wildly. Then I took Peaches out in a vacant lot, far from the bosom of her family, Paris and pull a word out of the French. and explained to her the scientific differ-I'm glad to see you have such a Chauffeur is the word we grabbed, and ence between mosquitoes and a pair of sweet disposition, Bunch, but nix on the I think we ought to give it back at the nine-dollar trousers, to all of which she listened with much patience, except when

I swore too loud.

stingers up their sleeves and ran away.

Did you ever notice one of t.ose But she was not discouraged-nay! I've caught all the diseases to date particular guys when they try to say The next day she read in a paper that, kerosene oil was the only senuine and reliable way to overcome the mosquito, so she went after them by the oil route. The article in the paper didn't give full instructions how to use the kerosene, so Peaches thought it all out for awhile. so eager was I to get out of the way it on the road went back home in sec- and then she poured about half a gallon like a leaky lamp, and the shredded of oil in the bathtub and waited.

The motto of the automobile is "Bump I think she expected the mosquitoes to walk into the bathroom, undress, grab the



The Automobile Face.

in the suburbs?-a lot which runs not soap and plunge into the kerosene oil. Yours done in oil, backward or forward, and which bites not where they would perish miserably withlike an adder nor stingeth like a serpent, out even getting a chance to throw up the

a ball-bearing neck his chance of any length of time without getting the felt that it was necessary to take a bath, so that scheme failed, while worse As far as I can figure it out, the Speaking of gasoline naturally brings and more ravenous and more pitiless grew From Puck. the hunger of the pests which were using

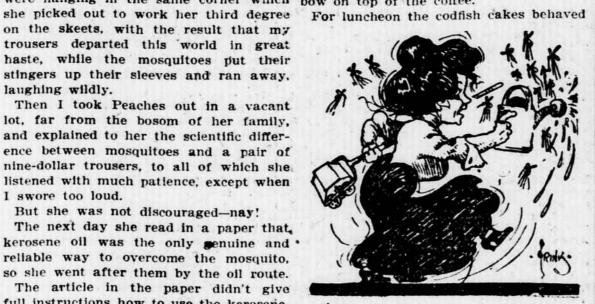
Oh! how I admire those chauffeurs ception that Peaches has tried to assassi- put it in a sprinkling can, then dash up anarchist.

nate all the mosquitoes in the neighbor- behind the enemy and sprinkle them on

hood with almost fatal results to her- the lumbar region. To see Peaches chasing a bevy of mos-Peaches seems to have labored under quitoes around the parlor with fire in her eyes, a carpet sweeper in her left hand the impression that the proper way to as- and a sprinking can full of kerosene oil sassinate a mosquito is to throw a bomb in her right hand was a sight such as at it and then cross the fingers and hope these eyes of mine never before beheld. If the fire from her eyes had ver

On the level, Bunch, if there was any place in our house which Peaches didn't the mosquito is to coax a bunch of them sprinkle with kerosene it must have been up in a corner and throw vitriol in their a few of my collars and cuffs which

in our household. Well, Peaches tried this idea, but it so For breakfast the toast was scented happened that my best pair of trousers with kerosene, and it floated like a :ain-



Dash Up Behind the Enemy.

onions lost all their courage and wanted to leave the room.

For dinner the corn beef looked like a roast on John D. Rockefeller, and the delicate blossoms of the sauerkraut were all shriveled up, and tasted like the Ohio river near Parkersburg.

In the meantime, Bunch, the mosquitoes are having the time of their lives. They thought we were giving a Mardi Gras for their benefit, so they sent out invitations to all their friends, with the result that our little family lost more blood than is spilled in a South American revolution.

Peaches has abandoned the kerosene idea, and is now fumigating the house with something which falls on the insulted nose like a hard slap on the face, so I am writing this letter out in the

My theory about the mosquito is that' he has humanity stung going and com- Morgan Attempts to Buy

(Copyright, 1908, by G. W. Dillingham Co.)

Next week: John Henry on "Obesity

#### On Royalty's Track.

-you, the king of beasts? here in the country, with the possible ex- right way to apply kerosene oil was to

His majesty-Sh-h! Come on! He's an lionaire is willing to pay \$10,000 for it or of my ever owning it now."

His majesty-Sh-h! Come on! He's an lionaire is willing to pay \$10,000 for it or of my ever owning it now."

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	Empire Ru	gs.	

	Reg.	1 - 2 1 - 1
	value.	Special.
in.x54	in\$1.50	\$1.29
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Special Correspondence of The Star. LONDON, July 23, 1908. VERTURES on behalf of J. Pierbrought in by Gen. Cronje on the field of the field of Blenheim was won. Pierpont Paardeberg. It is a dingy bit of cloth Morgan stayed gazing at it for a quarter The most powerful engine ever put in running from that measly little rabbit for the considered fit for the dust bin most tearfully "I might have been put in a dust bin most tearfully "I might have been put in a dust bin most tearfully "I might have been possible of six cylinders and not be considered fit for the dust bin. most tearfully, "I might have bought it. 200 horsepower in a French racing ma-Yet the story goes that the American mil- But the duchess' wealth obviates all hope chine. In its preliminary trials it is re-

valued possessions and it is doubtful if at present it is battle-scarred flags and all the millions of the millionaire would historic documents that his agents are chasing all over Europe. It was one of Some time ago when walking through the biggest disappointments of his life the picture gallery at Blenheim, the Duke that, through a misunderstanding on the of Marlborough's place, Morgan espied in part of one of his dealers, the Chesaa glass-topped cabinet a faded piece of peake flag, which was recently sold at paper, the writing on which could only an auction in London, fell into the hands pont Morgan have been made to be read by a magnifying glass. This was of William Wa'dorf Astor and, through Lord Roberts for the flag of truce soldier to announce to Queen Anne that seum.

ported to have attained an average speed indeed any amount which Lord Roberts Morgan is bitten by a new phase of the of 125 miles an hour.

# FOR SPINSTERHOOD-A STORY OF DIVIDED

## stopped to "turn the day," it being one waved from the rear platform of the last of her duties to see that time and the car. calendar in Miss Georgiana's room

aware of them gradually, drifting back Spinster, Aged 80 Years." and forth on shallow waves of sleep, until irrevocably cast ashore, wide awake.

A gentle yawn broke the stillness, as she lay, half asleep and unwilling to move its usual aspect. until convinced that there was no further hope of drifting back into oblivion. Evi- poured her coffee. "Dates are responsidently there was none, for little by little her vision cleared until she was startled into full wakefulness by the date staring her in the face from the opposite wall. her mail. Then she went out. With such a calendar there was no mistaking it. It was the 25th of April.

Never since the calendar had hung ly black to her imagination as this 25th that she would fain have avoided, being lives down to the last small detail. one of those ruthless anniversaries that even the lightest mortals recognize as even the lightest mortals recognize as She had married a "tall, dark man." days of reckoning, when what-one-is is though she had failed to become the with the most mortifying result. "Do you know how old you are?" the calendar glared satirically.

'Not exactly." was the mute admission. Thirty-six or seven or eight. If you please, I'd rather not know precisely. I to you. In our family we never mention birthdays.' "You were born in the year-"

Haughtily-"Stop right there! We'll let bygones be bygones. 'Have you ever heard

# And this same flower that smiles today Tomorrow will be dying?

Do you know that you are old enough to have sweet sixteen for a daughtr?" Miss Brant sprang out of bed and grasping the offending calendar with never wished to see its face again. 'How any one can live with a thing like that staring her in the face and reten minutes.'

her mouth as she put the glass down. possession of the air.

"I don't know just how old I am," was "Oh, good morning, dear." Though it years do not matter."

As Nora brought in her tray she espied several letters upon it, one of which she Besides, was not the authority of tradirecognized afar off as a wedding invita- tion on her side, there being a widespread tion. Taking up a silver stiletto, she ran feminine superstition that to achieve marit slowly under the flap of the envelope, ried happiness one must go through speculating as to whose it might be. household purgatory?

When she had read it she remained mo- "No, I can't sit down. I must get out

on her forehead. brought home to her the stupefying fact joined decidedly. "I never allow my Rus- "Get in, Georgie, I was about to call for that she, who still felt herself on the sian curtains to be taken down unless I you. I've a lot to tell you. I'm on the and don't mind if I seem distraught, for tie was somewhat different from the oth-

back the inside blinds, let a Domesticville had departed, leaving her amusement mingling in her face. flood of April sunshine into alone on the platform, the invitation in the room. This done, she her hand figuring as a mocking farewell

As she quietly withdrew that lady FOR the first time she faced the prosthe breakfast rolls-she liked to become cipher the inscription, "Georgiana Brant,

> The perception of the underlying humor of this situation temporarily restored her ously natural gayety, and life began to assume

"A bas with dates!" she scoffed as she ble for all the old age in the world. If birthdays could be abolished old age would soon disappear." With this astute observation she turned to the perusal of Before Georgiana had gone a block she

felt the news that was in the air spreading like wildfire through her veins. The there had any day loomed so portentous- back the bygone days when she and Helmemory of other springtimes brought en wore their hair in pigtails and beof April. It was the day in the year guiled the time by planning their future Helen's dreams had partially come true.

subtracted from what-one-ought-to-be, mother of three dashing sons and an equal number of daughters, all strikingly beautiful in different styles, the naming of whom had cost her an exhausting amount of mental wear and tear. She had been the first one of their set to marry and her house had become her prefer to go undated, if it's all the same idol. She was at that point between com-

fort and affluence where possessions become a dead weight to the possessor. She was not poor enough to be content with simple things, nor rich enough to transfer the responsibility of expensive ones to the shoulders of hirelings. As Georgiana now ascended the steps of the handsome residence, whose win-

dows were veiled with heavy Russian lace, she smiled inwardly. Having committed the extravagance of those curtains, Mrs. Updegraft paid for it by keeping them more force than care stuffed it into the in repair with her own hands. Morenearest drawer with the remark that she over, the size of her house made six servants necessary; but since she could not afford a housekeeper to act as a buffer between herself and them, she lived in a minding her of the sere and yellow," she continual state of apprehension. Year by grumbled as she turned on the cold year the hunted look in her eyes deepwater for her bath, "is a mystery to me. ened. Once Georgiana expostulated with I feel as if I'd aged visibly in the last her.

T HE thing seemed so probable that Such a morning. Helen," she exshe picked up a hand glass and, friend's room. "The spring is running up standing with her back to the light, scan- and down my spine and I've come to take ned her face with anxiety. As the ex- you to the park to play. But what under amination proceeded she breathed more the sun are you doing?" she demanded in freely. There were, to be sure, some of a changed tone as the general confusion the little tell-tale lines by which the of the room dawned upon her. Boxes, years blaze the path for old age, but on bundles, and scattered garments overthe whole the survey raised her spirits, spread every piece of furniture, while An exultant smile curied the corners of moth balls and camphor contended for

her complacent verdict, "but I am sure was not yet noon, there were rings of exthat I don't look it. And so long as one haustion beneath Helen's worried dark doesn't look it and doesn't feel it, the eyes. "I'm putting away winter things," Having thus imperiously brushed aside she explained. "Yes, it is a nice mornaccepted standards and taken a fresh ing, though I haven't had time to notice hold on her faith in life, she proceeded it. Throw some of those things on the with her tollet. But in spite of her pro- bed and find yourself a chair, won't you? testations, the shadow of the day was Oh. dear! I don't know where to begin. upon her. There was no getting .way Georgiana's laughing eyes roved about from the fact that, if the past was ac- the room for a moment and then cam? cumulating, the future was diminishing, back to the mistress, who, clad in a be-Most of her friends, she recalled, were draggled blue morning gown, stood helpmarried and settled, and the fact brought lessly in the midst of her possessions. She a pertinent question to her mind. Could opened her lips to speak and then closed it be that she was unmarried-and set- them again, remembering the futility of argument. Helen was on one of her domestic orgies and nothing could stop her.

tionless for several minutes, gazing out into the day-shine. Oh, Helen"—in spice of the window, with a puzzled little frown of her resolution the protest broke from She could discover no logical reason to these things. You've only one life to whom had done their best. Nothing was spirit of investigation, why the wedding invitation of a dis- live. For pity's sake, live it! Is raiment left to the imagination. But though she "Hello, Marion," sh carded lover should send a pang through more than a spring day? If you must put was palpably a chef d'oeuvre and had the ing her head in the door of her friend's ter rippling her face, Georgiana was tipher heart, but it did. It touched upon a away all these things with your own fair air of knowing it, her satisfaction had sitting room. The stout figure bending toeing from the room. chord already made sensitive by exposure hands, do wait for rainy weather."

apparently grown stale at to a thirty sixth or seventh birthday, and "No, dear, it's impossible," Helen re- was nervous and restless.

ITH a light tap at the door the bachelor woman gave way to the abject them. But stay and talk to me, won't was prompt. maid entered and, putting despair of the old maid. She had a serio- you?"

To the tailor's on a day like this—not comic impression that the last train for Miss Brant had risen to depart, pity and I. Nannie. You forget that a young thing

moth balls when I can be in the opened her drowsy eyes, but only to close dure to the end and saw herself playing eyed Earth wake up. I couldn't think of was full of appreciation for the days vista of years ending at a neat, maidenly take your nice things so seriously. There's that arrived "fresh every morning," like tombstone, on which she could plainly de- no use of having them if they spoil all

into the hall and was now leaning upon but nurses and children." the railing, eyed her bloom rather envi-"Wait until you're married," she mur-

as her friend disappeared from view. Georgiana in thought, "even if you are incompleteness of spinsterhood!" married and I'm an old maid. I wonder She kept her face turned toward the cious.'

panic, in which the fine aplomb of the dozen places if I were not here to watch the chat would be like, and faced her friend substantial things. At the Gordon resi- that he was there, Miss Brant was selzed

like me must have sunshine and fresh air. ing the expression of the other's face. "Everything lovely, I hope?"

park with the spring breezes playing about my cheeks like the cupids on a more playing about my cheeks like the cupids on a groomed head, and then gave a shrug ants worry for you and come up to the mothers of their circle, to select hand-hood, and, hastily cramming the repect of a spinsterhood that should en- ceiling? Jamais, I'd rather watch sleepy- expressive of a weary indifference to Fred park with me." and his affairs.

As the carriage rolled away Georgiana ment. Georgiana rustled down the padded stairs. soubrettes must be somewhat trying. Then and there she ma "I wish I were you," called the matron "And I don't wish I were you," was to fight it to the end. the thought she sent a ter the rapidly dis-

with a broad, knowing grin.

Georgiana winced. Here it was again, Then and there she made a gallant resolve can turn them over to a nurse, as a sen- once more to a standstill and Billy faced "Must you consider my age?" she in- sible woman would do. I should just lie her solemnly.

dence she was directed to the nursery. by a spasm of laughter.

some clothing for her offspring and let un- mainder of the puff into his mouth, exthem again immediately. Though she the patient role of maiden aunt down a it, Helen. I'm off. I do wish you wouldn't "You won't come?" she queried. "Well, lowing the hand that held the pen to drop In answer to Georgiana's whispered if they's good; 'cause if they ain't, we

the baby's been sick again."

"Beaut I don't wish I were you," retorted appearing carriage. "I think I prefer the quired, demured, "Because I'd respectively the second of t

tone, "what is the matter with me? How is it possible for a lady of my mature

years to be so appallingly young inside? You've all married off and left me, and I ought, by every law of fitness, to be long-I had a touch of it this morning, a sort of forlorn left-at-the-post feeling, and sometimes when I see little round bald heads like this-" she broke off, laugh-Your time will come, Georgie," smiled

I've been thinking, and I perceive that that evening, still prompted apparently by possibly my time has come—and gone. a laudable spirit of investigation. What I want to find out is just how bad Mrs. Gordon laughed helplessly at this her brain for a reply that should be at presentation of the case, while Miss Brant once hopest and diplomatic. But before continued—"Where's Billy? After all, she could find it her daughter gave vent Billy is the only person I know who is to an involuntary chuckle of amusement. qualified to enjoy this day with me. You'll

A T the sound of his name a stocky her head, "you're excused from answer-young person with hair cut straight ing. I appreciate your embarrassment. across the neck and forehead appeared in Still, spinsterhood has its good points.

"Here's you, is it? Well, Billy, I want from one reason or another, find themsome one to come out to play with me in selves without any little domestic corthe park. All my little playfellows are ners, usually have other things to make busy. Will you come?"

from their winter nap." ter-of-fact Billy.

because I'm anxious to get there."

springing in her mind. very important. How many cream puffs army of arguments. can you eat without acquiring a stomach-

"Billy," she remonstrated, gently, rather than Russian lace and worry."

the zeal of the sociologist, bent on origidle away the hours in the park, just An affair of this sort ought not to be devoice, proceeding from a baby victoria in research, burned within her. Hith-because spring has come. Spring!"

which at that moment drew up to the erto she had thoughtlessly accepted the voice rang with disdain. "What is From the tail of her eye she watched curb, interrupted her musings. The occu-common view that there is nothing to be spring to a woman whose husband is giv-

like me must have sunshine and fresh air.
How's Fred?' she asked suddenly, noticing the expression of the other's face.

FIDDLESTICKS! Why should you be the other's face.

FIDDLESTICKS! Why should you be the chair, with her back to the door. As the other's face. luxurious home, a fine husband and two Georgiana entered she caught sight of a puff, much to the disparagement of his

Miss Brant accepted this explanation had relasped into the age of credulity

"Peanuts-for the squir'ls," prompted "To think of my forgetting them!" she ejaculated in feigned dismay. "I don't know what I should have done if you hadn't come along, Billy.' He darted away to lay in a supply and Georgiana's eyes followed him with an enigmatical smile in their depths. To have

a Billy for one's own would be sweet, but to borrow a Billy for a few hours now and then was by no means an experience to be despised. She suspected that it might even afford delight denied to possession. For in the mind of Billy's mother there would always be a shadowy fear of disaster, from which the spinster who borrowed him was free. She-Georgiana-could enjoy him undaunted by the fear of anything, from measles to mad dogs. When subsequently she thanked Mrs. Gordon for the loan of Billy, an unmistakable drollery lurked in her face. "How would you have liked to be an old

There was a silence, in which it was evident that Mrs. Brant was searching

"NEVER mind, Janey, dear," she soothed, clasping her hands above Life's only a great big game of 'Pussy wants a corner' anyway, and those who,

"Spring is in the park, Billy," she ca- say," she went on, breathlessly, as her joled, "and the trees are all waking up mother was about to reply. "There were ten awful moments this morning when I "Wha's look like?" demanded the mat- thought of everything-and more. I thought of the offers I've declined, and, "The spring? Oh, green like lettuce and figuratively speaking, wept, wailed and gray and misty like the baby's eyes. gnashed my teeth. But I've recovered Scamper now and yet your coat and hat, my equilibrium, darling, and 'all's right with the world." .

"At least two persons in New York who Her eager voice ceased and a triumare free from care," she reflected, humor- phant smile hovered about her lips. Mrs. ously, as with Billy's plump hand held Brant, seeing it, sighed in spite of hermellow sunshine, all sorts of heresies self. She, at least, held no new-fangled ideas concerning the destiny of woman, 'Son," she said aloud, "I want to ask as her next words showed. They were

> Her words had a strange effect. Her daughter suddenly leaned forward and then emerged from the gloom, lighted up The triumphant smile was gone, driven away by a puzzled frown, and she had immense inner surprise.

> Her bewilderment was that of an indi-vidual who, supposing himself en route San Francisco.

They had once more resumed their way. limp and shaking.

Billy bringing up the rear with the bag of "It's absurd—ridiculous—horrid!" she



MRS. CAREW SHOOK HER BEAUTIFULLY-GROOMED HEAD.

lungs of the preservative fumes that she just to live. As she pushed the button of derstanding of a married woman's regroomed and gowned, who evoked an in- tion, except possibly "Too bad!"

threshold of life, was in reality a last am on hand to oversee the process. The road to the tailor's now, but we can chat I'm worried to death."

leaf.

Miss Brant seated h

had been inhaling for the past ten min- the electric bell at the first place she be- sponsibilities." utes and taking in a deep breath of ozone. came aware of a quickened interest in Of course married people have responsi- the outcome of her call. The affair had caller, meekly. stantaneous vision of hairdressers, mani- now held her judgment suspended, ap- been taken ill, who must write full in-

apparently grown stale and her manner industriously over a desk on the opposite side of the room turned toward her. "Oh. George-glad to see you. Come in

"I'm trying to learn," ventured bilities, but I think that I'd just manage suddenly assumed the aspect of a balanc- "This morning, for instance, the ma- lips with the promptness of conviction. I'd take cheesecloth curtains and peace, married and the unmarried woman, and reason why I can't put on my things and rather than Russian lace and worry."

She must be impeccable, whose butler has just meditation. "Hello, Marion," she called gayly, pok- With her fingers to her ears and laugh- in my bones."

> shoulder as she disappeared. Her last hope lay in Nettle Gordon. Net- take our cakes with us."

"Poor martyr!" she threw over

straight-limbed sons? What is it that round, downy head lying in the bend of chubby countenance. As their eyes met you find worth worrying about on a her friend's arm. Nettie was a genuine he seemed suddenly to come back from

don't see why you want to go to the park at this hour. There'll be nobody there with pitying amazement for fully a mo- a welcome.

With pitying amazement for fully a mo- a welcome.

Wise Breat area at Georgiana greeting, she turned her head and smiled can take 'm back." Mrs. Updegraft, who had followed her at this hour. There'll be nobody there \_ "How little you know about life, George, "I don't need to ask," murmured the with the large faith necessary in dealing

considering your age," was her judicious caller. "I know from your tired face that with childhood. She felt that she herself drew a sigh of relief. Nannie was a shalthe hateful and absurd question of age
The mother nodded, putting out her free and could therefore meet Billy on his own low little creature. Still, a husband with that had dogged her since early morning, hand to her friend. "She's been rather ground. But before they had proceeded "I'm waiting." was the arch reply, as a seemingly unconquerable penchant for doing its best to take the light out of life. bad for two nights. Somehow, I never far an excited exclamation brought her

wouldn't. It doesn't seem altogether gra-cious."

the nurse a chance to sleep."

Georgiana stood looking down upon the "Peanuts—for the squir'ls," prompted if I'd be like that if I were married," she park, reflecting that there were still two "Here you are"-Mrs. Parker went on, slender little mother-creature, with eyes the child. half worshipful. Here, at least, was a legitimate worry. Nettie hadn't taken silver and gold and good gifts and made them into a pack to weigh down her shoulders. This claim of the baby Miss Brant admitted ungrudgingly. Dropping on her knees by the little mother's chair, she gazed at Mrs. Gordon solemnly, "Nettie," she demanded in a puzzled

> ing for a home of my own. But I'm not. ing, and yet her eyes were wet. Mrs. Gordon. Georgiana shook her head slowly. "If you had said that yesterday, I should maid?" was the question she suddenly put have answered 'Of course.' But today to her mother, as they sat in the firelight

I ought to feel about it. let him come to play, won't you?"

the doorway. "Here's I," he announced.

· Billy considered, looking a trifle puzzled. "Oh, I know what you are going to

firmly in hers she walked through the

pondered as she let herself out into the friends on the way who might feel the inexorably—"thirty-five, shall we say—and you a question, and I want you to think spoken in a voice whose Spartan stubspring brightness once more, emptying her spring as she did and have a little leisure you don't seem to have the slightest uncarefully before you reply, because it's bornness would, one knew, withstand an analysis of the preserve tive furness that the live As the pushed that the l "Seventy 'leven!" dropped from Billy's

pant was a young woman, elaborately said on the old maid's side of the ques- ing a stag dinner at which everything his plump face into an expression of deep the air of a person transfixed by some "It's just as I thinked," he observed at her lips—"do let one of your maids attend cures, corsetieres and modistes, all of proaching the subject in an admirable structions for the new man, get candle last, allowing his features to relax gradu-vidual who, supposing himself en route to these things. You've only one life to whom had done their best. Nothing was spirit of investigation.

"Well, if that's the case, we'll buy six Her stupefied glance rested for a mo-at the baker's. I never did like the cakes ment upon her mother's face, and then

"Nevertheless," she said, firmly, "I wish you were married. "I bent a pair of startled eyes upon the wanted you to give the matter thought. point where her mother's face now and by some playful flame.

they have in the park. Their milk and its sheer amazement was transmuted into sandwiches are good enough, but we'll something else. something else.

She sank back in her chair once more,

threshold of life, was in reality a last am on hand to oversee the process. The road to the tailor's now, but we can chat I'm worried to death."

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